



Here af-

ter foloweth a litle
booke, of Phillyp
Sparow, compi-
led by Mayster
Skeltō Poete
Laureate.



THE

OF THE
OF THE
OF THE
OF THE
OF THE



1777

D Late bo
who is there who

✠ Di le xi.

Dame Margery

sa re my my

Wherefore and why why

For y^e soule of Philip sparowe

That was late slayne at Carow

Among the Runnes blake

For that sweet soules sake

And for all sparowes soules

Set in our bede rolles

Water noster qui

With an Ave mar

And with the corner of a creed

The more shalbe your meed.

Whan I remembre agayne
How my philip was slayne

Neuer halfe the payne

Was betwene you & wayne

Pyramus and Thesbe

As than befell to me

A.ii.

3

I wept and I wayled
The teares do wne hapled
But nothyng it auayled
To call Phylp agayne
Whom Gyb our cat hath clayne
Gyb I say out cat
Worowed her on that
Whiche I loued best
It cannot be exprest
My sorowfull heuynesse
But all without redresse
For within that stounde
Halfe slumbryng in a sounde
I fell do wne to the ground
— Annech I kest myne eyes
Towarde the cloudy skyes
But whan I dyd beholde
My sparow dead and colde
No creature but that wolde
Haue rewed vpon me
To beholde and se
What heuynesse dyd me pange
Where with my handes I boange
That

That my fenowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strayned
That no lyfe well nye remayned
✠ I syghed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my sparowes lyfe
O mayden, wydow and wyfe
Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degree
GREAT sorow than ye might les
And learne to weep at mee
Such paynes dyd me frete
That myne harte dyd beate
My bysage pale and dead
woanne, and blew as lead
The panges of hateful deat
Well nye had stopped my breath.

Heu heu me
That I am woe for thee
Ad dūm cum tribulacōe clamaui
Of god nothyng els craue I
A.iii. But

BUt philyps soule to keep
From the mares deep
Of Acherontes well
That is a floud of hell
And from the great Pluto
The prince of endles wo
And from foule Alecto
With bysage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeas edders
From ruffling of philyps fethers
And from her fyzy sparklynges
For burnyng of his winges
And from the smokes lowe
Of Proserpinas bowre
And from the Denues darke
Where Cerberus doth barke
Whome Theseus dyd afray
Whom Hercules dyd out tray
As famous Poetes say
For that hell hounde
That lyeth in cheynes bounde
with

with gaskly heades thre
To Jupiter pray wee
That Philyp preserved may be
Amen say ye wyth mee.

Do mi nus

Help now sweet Iesus
Leuau' oculos meos in montes
Wolde god I had xenophontz.

O Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuyse
Moderatly to take
This sorrow that I make
For Philip sparowes sake
So feruently I wake
I fele my body quake
So vrgently I am brought
Into carefull thought
Like andromach hectors wife
Was wery of her lyfe
Whan she had lost her loye
Noble Hector of Troy
In lyke maner also

A.iiii.

Encrea

Encreaseth my dedly sin
For my sparowe is go
It was so pryncy a foole
It wolde sit on a stoole
And learned after my scoole
For to kepe his cut
With Phillip keep your cut
It had a beluet cap
And wolde sit vpon my lap
And seeke after small wormes
and somtyme white bread crömes
And many tymes and oft
Betwene my brestes soft
It wolde lye and rest
It was propre and prest
Somtyme he wolde gaspe
Whan he saw a waspe
A flye, or a gnat
He wolde fly at that
And pryncely he wolde pant
Whan he saw an ant
Lorde how he wolde pry
After the butterfly

Lorde

Lozde how he wolde hop
After the gressop
And whan I sayd, phyp, phyp
Than he wolde lepe and skip
And take me by the lyp
Alas it wyll me flo
That Phillip is gone me fro
 Si in i qui ta tes
 Alas I was euyl at ease
 De pro fun dis cla ma ui
Whan I saw my sparow dye.

Now after my dome
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
Whose name registred was
For euer in tables of brasse
Because that she did pas
In poesy to endite
And eloquently to write
Though she wolde pretende
My sparow to commende
I trow she coulde not amende
Repozrynge the vertues all

De

Of my sparrowe royall
For it wolde come and go
And flee so to and fro
And on me it wolde lepe
Whan I was a slepe
And his fethers shake
Where with he wolde make
Be often for to wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skyn
God wot we thought no syn
What though he crept so lowe
It was no hurte I trow
He dyd nothyng perdee
But sat vpon my knes
Philip though he were nise
In hym it was no vyle
Phyllipp had leaue to go
To pryke my lytle too
Philip myght be bolde
And doo what he wolde
Philip wolde seeke and take
All the fleas blake

That

That he coulde there espye
Wych his wanton eye.

C pe ra

La soll fa fa

Cōfitebor tibi dñe i toto corde meo
Alas I wolde ryde and go.

A Thousād myle of ground
If any such might befoūd
It were worth an hundreth poūd
Of kynge Cresus Golde
Or of Artalus the olde
The ryche prynce of Barygame
Who so lyst the story to se
✠ Ladni^r that his sister sought
And he should be bought
For golde and fee
He should ouer the sea
Go wete, if he coulde byynge
Any of the ofsprynge
Or any of the bloud
But whoso vnderstood
Of Medeas arte

I wolde I had a parte
Of her crafty magike
My sparow thā should be quicke
With a charme oz cwayne
And play woth me agayne
But all this is in bayne
Thus for to complayne
I tooke my sampler ones
Of purpose for the nones
To sew with stytches of sylke
My sparow white as milke
That by representacyon
Of hys Image and facyon
To me it myght I importe
Some pleasure and comforte
For my solace and spozte
But whā I was sowig his beke
We thought mi sparow did speke
And opened his pety byll
Sayinge, mayde ye are in wyl
Agayne me for to kyll
Ye pricke me in the head
With that my needle waxed red

We

He thought of Phillips bloud
Whine here ryght vpsstode
And was in suche a fray
My speche was taken away
I kest downe that there was
And sayd alas, alas
How commeth this to pas
My fyngers dead and colde
Coude not my sampler holde
My neele and threde
I threw away for drede
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.

✠ A porta inferi

Good lord haue mercy
✠ Upon my sparowes soule
writen in my bede roule

✠ Au di ui bo cem

Japhet cam and Sem

✠ Ma gni fi cat

Shew me the ryght path

¶ Of the hilles of armony
Wherfore pbyrdes yet cry
Of

Of your fathers bote
That was some tyme a flote
And now they lye and rote
Let some poetes write
Deucalyous floud it hight

But as verely, as ye be
The naturall sonnes thre
Of Noe the Patriarke
That made that great arke
Wherin he had apes and owles
Beastes, byrdes, and foules
That yf ye can fynde
Any of my sparowes kynde
God sende the soule good rest
I wolde haue yet a nest
As pretty and as prest
As my sparowe was
But my Sparow dyd pas
All sparowes of the wood
That were syng Noes flood
Was neuer none so good
Kyng Philyp of Macebony
Had no suche Philyp as I

No no syz hardely
That vengeaunce I aske & cry
By way of exclamacyon
On all the whole nacyon
Of cattles wyld and tame
God send them sorow and shame
That Cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My lytle prey sparow
That I brought vp at Larow
O cat of carlythe kynde
The feend was in thy mynde
Whan thou my byrd butwinde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynde
The leopardes sauage
The lyons in theyr rage
Myght catche y in theyr paws
And gnawe the in their iawes
These serpents of Lybany
Myght styng thee venemously
The dragons with their tinges
Myght poyson thy liuer & lunges
The mantycors of y montaynes
Myght

Myght feed them on thy braynes
Melanchates that hounde
that plucked Acteon to the groun
Gaue him his mortall wound e
Chaunged to a Deere
The stey dooth appeere
Was chaunged to an harte
So thou foule cat, that thou arte
The selfe same hounde
Myght thee confound
That his owne lorde bote
Myght byte a fundre thithrote
✠ Of Inde the greedy gripes
Myght teare out all thy cripes
Of Arcady the beares
Myght plucke away thine eares
The wyke wolfe Lycan
Byte a sondre thy backe bone
Of Ethna the brennyng hyll
That day and night brenneth hyll
Set in thy taylor a blase
That all the worlde may gaze
And wonder vpon thee

From

From Decyan the great sea
Unto the Isles of Orchady
From Tybery fery
To the playne of Salysbery
So trayterously my byrde to kyl
That neuer ought the euyl wyll
Was neuer birde in cage
More gentyll of corage
In doyng his homage
Unto hys souerayne
Alas I say agayne
Death hath departed vs twayne
The false cat hath thee slayne
Fare wel Phillip a dew
Our Lorde thy soule reskew
Farewell without restore
Farewell for ever more
And it were a Jew
It wolde make one rew
To se my sorow new
These vylanus false cattes
Were made for myse and rattes
And not for byrdes smale

B.i.

Alas

Alas my face waxeth pale
Tellyng this piteous tale
How my birde so fayre
That was wont to repayre
And goe in at my spayre
And crepe in at my goze
Of my gowne befoze
Flickeryng with his winges
Alas my hert it stynges
Remembryng pety thinges
Alas myne hert it sleth
My Phillippes dolefull death
Whan I remembre it
How petyly it wolde syt
Many times and oft
Upon my finger aloft
I played with him tittel tattell
And fed him with my spattel
With his byll betwene my lippes
It was my pety Phylppes
Many a pety kusse
Had I of this swete musse
And now the cause is thus
That

That he is slayne me fro
To my great payne and wo
Of fortune, this the chaunce
Standeth on variaunce
Of tyme after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce
No man can be sure
Alway to haue pleasure
As well perceyue ye may
How my disport and play
From me was taken away
By Gyb our cat sauage
That in a furious rage
Laught Philyp by the head
And slew him there starke dead.
✠ Kyryeleyson Xpe leyson
Kyrye leyson.

F O Philyp sparowes soule
Set in our bede roule
Let vs now whispet
A Vater noster
✠ Lauda anima mea dominū.
V. li. Co

To weep with me loke y^e come
Al manner of byrds in your kinde
See none be left behynde
To morning looke that ye fast
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to sing, and some to say
Some to weep and some to pray
Euery byrde in his lay
The Goldfinche, the Wagtaile
The ianglyng Jay to rayle
The flecked Pye to chatter
Of thys dolorous matter
And Robyn red brest
He shalbe the prest
The Requiem masse to syng
Softly warbelyng
With helpe of the red sparow
And the chattering Mallo
This hearse for to halow
The Larke with his long toe
The spinke & the Martynet also
The Houelar with his brode bek
The doterell that felysh pek

And

And also the mad coote
With a balde face to toote
The felde fare and the snyte
The crowe and the kyte
The Rauyn called rolfe
His playne songe to solfe
The partryche, the quayle
The plouer With vs to wayle
The woodhackle y singeth churre
Horsly as he had the murre
The lusty chaütyng nightyngale
The Poppyngay to tell her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the Gospell at masse
The maues with her whistel
Shall rede there the Bittell

But with a large and a longe
To kepe iust playne songe
Our chaüters shalbe y Cuckoue
The Luluer, the Stockedoue
With purroyt the Lapwynge
The versycles shal synge

The Bitter with his bumpe

B.iii.

The

The Crane with his trumpe
The Swan of Menander
The Goose and the Gander
The Ducke and Drake
Shall watche at this wake
The Pecoche so proude
Bycause his voyce is loude
And hath a glorious taylor
He shall synge the Crayle
The Owle that is so foule
Must helpe vs to houle
The Heron so gaunte
And the cozmozaunte
With the fcsaunte
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the churlishe chough
The rouse and the kough
The barnacle, the bussarde
With the wylde mallarde
The diuendop to sleep
The water hen to weep
The puffyn, and the tele
Moneey they shall dele
To pooze folke at large

That shal be theyꝝ charge
The seme w, and the tytmouse
The wodcocke with y long nose
The threstil with her warblyng
The starlyng wyth her brabling
The rooke, with the ospray
That putteth fyshes to asray
And the deinty curlew
With the turtvil mooste trew

At this placebo
We may not well for goe
The countryng of the co
The stozke also
That maketh his nest
In chymneyes to rest
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abyde
Of cokoldꝝ syde
Or els philosophy
Maketh a great lye
The Estrype that will eat
An hoꝝhow so great

In

In the stede of meat
Such feruent heat
His stomake so great
He cagnot well fly
Nor syng tunably
Yet at abrayde
He hath well assayde
To solfe aboue Fla
Ba lozell fa fa
Re quando
Male cantando
The best that we can
To make him our Belman
And let him ryng the belles
He can doo nothing els
Chaunteclere our Locke
Must tel what is of the clocke
By the astrology
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was neuer taught
By Albumazer
The Astronomer

Not by Ptholomy
Prince of Astronomy
Not yet by Haly
And yet he croweth dayly
And nyghtly the tides
That no man abides
With partlot his hen
Whom no wand then
He plucketh by the hed
Whan he dothe her trede

The birde of Araby
That potencially
May neuer dye
and yet there is none
But one alone
A Phener it is
This herse that must blys
With aromaticke gummes
That cost great sumes
The way of Thurification
To make fumigation
Sweet of redarpe
And redolent of ayre

This

This coyle for to sence
With gceat reuerence
As Patryarke or Pope
In a blacke cope
Whyles he senseth
He shall synge the verse
Libera me
In de la sol re
Softly bemote
For my sparowes soule
Plinni sheweth all
In his story naturall
What he dothe finde
Of this Phenix kinde
Of whose incineracyon
There riseth a new creacyon
Of the same facyon
Without alteracion
Sawing that olde age
Is turned into corage
Of freshe youth agayne
This matter trew and playne
Playne matter in deed

who

Who so lyst to rede
But for the Eagle dothe as
Hyst in the skye
He shalbe thy se deane
The quere to demeane
As prouost principall
To teache them theyr ordinal
Also the noble fawcon
With the gerfawcon
The tarrell gentyll
They shal moerne soft and styl
In theyr amysse of gray
The sacre with them shal say
Dirige for Whillippes soule
The Goshauke shal haue a roule
The queresters to controule
The lanners and marlyons
Shal stand i their mournig gowne
The hobby and the musket
The fensers and y crossse shal set
The kestrell in all this warke
Shalbe holy water clarke

And

And now the darke cloudy night
Chaseth away Phebus bright
Taking his course toward y^e West
god send my sparoes soule good rest
Requiem eternam dona eis dñe.

fa fa fa my re re
A po: ta in fe ri
fa fa fa my my

¶ Credo videre bona Domini.

I pray god phillip to heuē may fly

¶ Domine exaudi oracionē meā.

To heuen he shall frō heuē he cam

¶ Do mi nus vo bis cum

Of all good prayers god send him

Oramus. sum

De^o cui ppriū est miserere ⁊ pcere

On phillips soule haue pytie.

H Or he was a pretty cocke
And came of a gentyl stocke
And wrapt in a maydens smocke
And cherished full dayntely
Till cruell fate made him to dye

Alas

Wlas for dolefull Detteny
But where to shul I
Lenger mozne oz crye
To Jupiter I call
Of heauen emperyall
That Philip may fly
Aboue the starry sky
To treade the pety wren
That is our Laydies hen
Amen, amen. amen
Yet one thyng is behinde
That now commeth to mi minde
An Epytaphe I wolde haue
For Phillipps graue
But for I am a mayde
Tymorous, halfe a frayde
That neuer yet a sayde
Of Elycones well
Where the muses dwell
Though I can rede and spell
Recounte, reporte and tell
Of the tales of Caunterbury
Some sad storyes, some mery
As

As Palamon, and Arcet
Duke Theseus, and partelet
And of the wyfe of Bath
They woꝝketh muche scath
Whan her tale is tolde
Among huswyes bolde
How she controlde
Her husbandes as she wolde
And them to despyle
In the homylyest wyse
Bring other wyues in thought
Their husbādes to set at nought
And though that redhaue I
of Gawayn and syꝝ Guy
And tel can a great peeces
of the golden fleece
How Jason it wan
Lyke a valyaunt man
Of Arturs rounde table
with his knightes commendable
And dame Gaynour his Queene
Was somwhat wanton I wene
How syꝝ Launcelote de lake

Many

Many a spere brake
For his ladies sake
Of Trystram and kynge Marke
And all the whole warke
Of bele I told his wyfe
For whom was much stryfe
Some say she was lyght
And made her husband knight
Of the comyne hall
That cockoldes men call
And of sir Libius
Named Disconius
Of quater fylz Amund
And how they were commorde
To Rome to Charlemayne,
Upon a great payne
And how they rode eche one
On Bayarde Mountalbon
Men se him now and than
In the forest Arden
What though I can frame
The stozyes by name

Of

Of Judas Machabeus
And of Cesar Julius
And of the loue betwene
Paris and vyene
And of the duke of Hannyball
What made the Romaynes all
For drede and to quake
How Scipion dyd wake
The citie of Cartage
Whiche by his vnmercifull rage
He bete downe to the ground
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troye
That was all theyr ioye
Whom Achilles slew
Wherefore all Troy dyd reue
And of the loue so hote
That made Troilus to dote
Upon fayre Cressyde
And what they wrote and sayd
And of their wanton willes
Pandar bare the bylles
From one to the other

his

His maysters loue to further
Somtyme a pꝛecious thyng
An ouche oꝛ els a ryng
From her to him agayn
Somtyme a pꝛety chayn
Oꝛ a bracelet of her here
Prayed Troilus foꝛ to were
That token foꝛ her sake
How hartely he did it take
And muche therof did make
And all that was in vayne
Foꝛ she dyd but fayne
The stoꝛy telleth playne
He coulde not obtayne
Though his father were a king
Yet there was a thyng
That made the male to wꝛing
She made him to sing
The song of louers lay
Musing night and day
Mournyng all alone
Comfort had he none
Foꝛ she was quite gone

E.i.

Thus

Thus in conclusyon
She brought him in abusyon
In earnest and in game
She was moche to blame
Disparaged is her fame
And blemysht is her name
In maner half with shame
Troilus also hath lost
On her muche loue and cost
And now must wys the post
Pandara that went bet weene
Hath won nothing I weene
But lyght for somer greene
Yet for a speciall laud
He is named Troillus baud
Of that name he is sure
Whyles the worlde shall dure
Though I remembre the fable
Of Penelope most stable
To her husband moste trew
Yet longe tyme she ne knew
Whether he were on lyue or ded
Her royt stood her in sted

That

That she was true and iust
For any bodely lust
To Ulixes her make
And neuer wolde him forsake

Of Marcus Marcellus
A piosses I could t el vs
And of Antecus
And of Josephus
De antiquitatibus
And of Hardocheus
And of great assuerus
And of Uelca his queene
Whome he forsoke with teene
And of Hester his other wyfe
With whom he led a pleasaunt life
Of king Alexander
And of kyng Euander
And of Porcena the great
That made p romayns to smart

Though I haue enrolde
A thousand new and olde
Of these historys tales
To fyll bougets and males

With bookes that I haue red
Yet I am nothing sped
And can but litle skyl
Of ouyd or Virgill
Or of Plutarke
Or Francis Petrarche
Alcheus or Sapho
Or suche other Poetes mo
As Linus and Homerus
Enphorion and Theocritus
Anacreon an Arion
Sophocles and Philemon
Pindarus and Dimontides
Philistion and Phorocides
These Poetes of auncientie
They are to diffuse for me
For as I to for haue sayd
I am but a yonge mayd
And cannot in effect
My stile as yet direct
With englysh wordes elect
Our naturall tonge is rude
And hard to be enneute

With

With pullished termes lusty
Our language is so rusty
So cankered and so full
Of frowardes and so dull
That if I wolde apply
To write ornately
I wot not where to finde
Termes to serue my mynde
Gowers englyshe is olde
And of no value is tolde
His matter is worth golde
And worthy to be enrolde

In Chauser I am sped
His tales I haue red
His mater is delectable
Solacious and cōmendable
His englysh well allowed
So as it is enprowed
For as it is employed
There is no englysh boyde
At those dayes much commēded
And now mē wolde haue amēded
His englysh where at they barke
And

And mar all they warke
Chaucer that famous clerke
His termes were not darke
But pleasant, easy, and playne
No worde he wrote in vayne

Also John Lydgate
writeth after an hyer rate
It is diffule to fynde
The sentence of his minde
Yet writeth he in his kinde
No man that can amende
Those maters that he hath pende
Yet some men finde a faute
And say he writeth to haute.

Wherfore holde me excused
If I haue not well perused
Byne englysh halfe abused
Though it be refused
In worth I shall it take
And fewer wordes make

But for my sparowes sake
Yet as a woman may
My wit I shall assay

An Epitaph to Waight
In latyne playne and lyght
Wherof the Elegy
Foloweth by and by
Flos volucrum formose halo
Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas
Qui mihi carus eras
Semper erunt nitido
Radiantia sydera celo
Impressusq; meo
Pectore semper eris
Per me Laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vatem
Hec cecinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volucris
Prestanti corpore virgo
Candida Nais erat
Formosior ista Ioanna est
Docta continua fuit
Sed magis ista sapit
Blen men souent

The

¶ The commendacions

BEati immaculati in via
Glo rio sa femi na
Now mine hole imaginacion
And studious meditation
Is to take this commendacion
In this consyderacion
And vnder pacient tolleracyon
Of that moste godly mayd
That placebo hath sayd
And for her sparrow prayd
In lamentable wyse

Now will I enterpryse
Thow the grace diuine
Of the muscs nine
Her beauty to commend
If Arethusa will send
Me enfluence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo will promyse
Melodyously it to deuyse
His tunable harpe stringes
With armony that synges

De

Of Princes and of kinges
And of all pleasaunt thinges
Of lust and of delight
Therow his godly might
To whom be the laude ascribed
That my pen hath enbybed
With the aureat droppes
As verely my hope is
Of Chagus that golden flood
That passeth al the erthly good
And as that flood dothe pas
All floudes that euer was
With his golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the streames
And y floudes in straunge remes
Kyght so she doth excede
All other of whom we rede
Whose fame by me shal sprede
Into Perce and Medes
From britons Albion
To the towre of Babilon
I trust it is no shame

And

And noman boyl me blame
Though I register her name
In the court of fame
For this moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She flozysmeth new and new
In bewtie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

Retribue seruo tuo vniuersa me

Labia mea laudabunt te

But enforced am I
Openly to askep
And to make an our cry
Agaynst odious enuy
That euer more will ly
And say cursedly
With his lether ey
And chekes dy
With dysage wan
As wart as tan
His bones crake

Lene

Lene as a rake
His gummes rusty
Are full vnlusty
His herte with all
Bitter as gall
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
His serpentis tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneeth euer
He laugheth neuer
Euen nor morow
But other mens sorow
Causeth him to grin
And reioyce therein.

No slepe can him catch
But euer doth watche
He is so bete
With malice and frete
With angre and yre
His foule desyre
Wyl suffre no sleep
In his head to creep

his

His fenle semblaunt
All displeasaunt
Whan other are glad
Than is he sad
Francike and mad
His tounge neuer styll
Foz to say yll
Wything and boyinging
Biting and styngyng
And thus this elf
Consumeth himself
Himself doth slo
With payne and woo
This fals enuy
Sayth that I
Use great folly
Foz to endite
And foz to wyte
And spende my time
In prose and rime
Foz to expres
The noblenes
Of my maistres

That

That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacion
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdayne
But yet certayne
I will be playne
And my stile dyes
To this proffes

Now Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And lede my fyll
As him best list
That I may say
Honour alway
Of woman kynde
Trowth doth me binde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedell
To write and tell

Now

Hobbe women excel
In noblenes
As my maystres
Of whom I thynke
With pen and ynk
For to compyle
Some goodly stile
For this moſte goodly floure
This bloſſom of freſh colour
So Iupiter me ſuccoure
She flouriſſeth newe and newe
In beautie and vertu
Hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina
Legem pone michi domine in
biam iuſtificacionum tuarum
Quē admodū deſiderat ceruus
ad fontes aquarum.

Now that I reporte
All the goodly ſorte
Of her fetures cleere
That hath none erthly peccer
Her fauour of her face

Ennewed

Ennethed with all grace
Confort, pleasure and solace
Myne hert dothe so embrace
And so hath rauyshed me
Her to beholde and se
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To looke on her agayne
Alas what should I sayne
It were a pleasaunt payne
With her aye to remayne

Her eyen gray and stepe
Lauseth myne hert lepe
With her browes bent
She may well represent
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Or els fayre Dolerene

Or els Caliope

Or els Penelope

For this moſte goodly floure
This bloſſome of freſche colour
So Iupiter me ſuccoure
She floziſbeth new and new

In

In beauty and verteb

Hac claritate gemina

O gloriosa femina

Memo: esto verbi tui seruo tuo

Seruus tuus sum ego

The Indy Saphyre blew
Her baynes bothe enuew

The Orient perle so cleere

The whitnesse of her leere

The lusty ruby ruddes

Resemble the Rose buddes

Her lippes soft and mery

Emblomed lyke the chery

It were an heuenly blyss

Her sugred mouth to kylle

Her beauty to augment

Dame nature hath her lent

A warte vpon her cheke

Who so lyst to seeke

In her visage a skar

That scmith from a far

Lyke to the radyant star

All with fauour fret

So properly it is set
She is the violet
The dayly delectable
The columbyne commendable
The iefter amiable
This moste goodly floure
This blossom of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She flozyscheth new and new
In beautie and verrew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

Conitacē fecisti cō seruo tuo dñā
Et ex precordus sonāt preconia.

Ad whan I perceyued
Her warr and conceyued
It cannot be denyd

But it was well conuayd
And set so womanly

And nothing wantonly
But ryght conueniently
And full congruently
As nature coulde deuyse

D.i.

In

In moſte goodly wyſe
Who ſo lyſt beholde
It maketh louers bolde
To her to ſue for grace
Her fauour to purchaſe
The ſker vpon her chyn
Enhached on her fayre ſkyn
Whytter than the ſwan
It wolde make any man
To forget deadly ſyn
Her fauour to wyne
For this moſte goodly flour
This bloſſome of freſhe coloure
So Iupiter me ſuccoure
She flouriſſeth newe and newe
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloziouſa femina
Defecit in ſalutate tuſi aia mea
Quid peris filio, mater duciſſima
S Ofc and make no dyl (ba ba
For now I wyll begyn
To haue in remembraunce

Her

Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaurce
So sad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wolde make to the lure;
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hert
She made me soze amased
Upon her whan I gased
We thought mine hert was crased
My eyen were so dased
For this moste goodly floure
This blossom of freshe coloure
So Iupiterme succour
She flozzytheth new and new
In beautie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Quomodo dilexi legem tuā dñā.
Recedant vetera noua sunt oia.

Ad to amende her tale
Whan she lyst to auale

D. it.

and

And with her fyngers smale
And handes soft as sylke
Whyter than the mylke
That are so quickly payned
Where with my hande she strayned
Lorde how I was payned
Unneth I me refrayned
How she me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Embrasyng therewith all
Her goodly myddle small
Wich sydes longe and streite
To tell you what concette
I had than in a tryce
The matter were to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantasie
For this most goodly floure
The blossome of fresh coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She flozysseth new and new
In beautie and verrey

Hac claritate gemina
O gloria femina
Iniquos odio habui
Non calumpnientur me superbi.

But whetero should I note
How often dyd I roote
Upon her prey foote
It rased myne herte roote
To see her treade the grounde
With heles short and rounde
She is playnly expresse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Importured with corage
Louers pylgrymage
There is no beste sauage
Ne no cygre so wood
But she wolde chaunge his mood
Suche relucen grace
Is formed in her face
For this moste goodly floure
This blossom of freshe coloure
O Jupiter me succour

D.iii.

She

She flourisheth new and new
In beaurie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriola femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua (Cue)
Sicut nouelle plātacões i iuuetute
So goodly as she dresles
So properly she pressles
The byghe golden tressles
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Shebus beames shyne
Where to hold I disclose
The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
Now that she can waere
Gorgiously her gere
Her freshe habylementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame flora queene
Of lustye somer grene
For this mosse goodly floure
This blossom of freshe coloure

So Jupiter me succour
She floppeth new and new
In beaurie and vertue
Hac elaritate gemina
O gloriosa femina.

Clamaui i toto corde exaudi me.
Mia tua magna est super me.

HEr kytell so goodly lased
And vnder that is brased
Suche pleasures that I may
Neither wyte nor say
Yet though I wyte not with yake
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath lybertie
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me lytle or nought
Wolde god mine homely style
Were pulysshed with the fyle
Of Liceros eloquence
To prayse her excellence
For this moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure

D. iiii.

So

So Jupiter me succoure
She flozysbeth new and new
In beautie and vertues
Hec claritate gemina
O glorioso femina

¶ Principes persecuti sūt me gratis
Oib⁹ cōsideratis. Paradisus vo-
luptatis. Hec virgo est dulcissima.

My pen it is unable
My hande it is unstable
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full
Goodly maistres Jane
Sobye, demure Dyane
Jane this maistres hight
The lode star of deylgōt
Dame Venus of all pleasure
The wel of wo:ldly treasure
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Dallas
The moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure

She

She flozysmeth new and new

In beaurie and vertew

Hac claritate gementina.

O gloziosa femina.

R Equie eterna dona eis dñe
In this psalme. Dñe probasti
Shall sayle ouer the sea (me.

With tibi Domine commendamus.

On pylgrimage to saint Jamys

For shympes, and for pranes

And for stalking cranys

And where my pen hath offended

I pray you it may be amended

By discrete consideracion

Of your wyse refozmacion

I haue not offended I trust

If it be sadly dyscuss

It were no gentle guyse

This creatyse to dyspyse

Because I haue wrytten and sayd

Honour of this fayre mayd

Wherfore should I be blamed

That I haue named

D.v.

and

And famously proclaimed
She is worthy to bee enrolde
With letters of golde.

Car elle vault.

PEr me Laurigerum Britonũ
Skeltonida latem
Laudibus eximĩs merito, hec
remedica puella est
Formosam poccini qua non formo-
sior vlla est
Formosam potius, quam commen-
daret Homerus
Sic iuuat interdũ regidos recreare
labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tercia minera
ua mea est.

Bien que plaĩsere.

Thus endeth þ booke of Philip
sparowe, and here foloweth an ad-
dicion made by maĩster Skelton.

The

The gyse now adayes
Of some tanglyng iayes
Is to discommende
That they cannot amende
Though they wolde spende
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Phillip sparoboes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to myscontent
Wich Phillippes enterement

Alas that goodly mayde
Why should she be afrayde
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
Wich ladies of estate

I coniure thee Phillip sparoboe
By

By Hercules that hell did harbo
And with a venemous arrow
Slew of the Epidauris
One of the Centaures

Or onocentaures
Or hipocentauris
By whose myght and maine
An hart was slaine
With hornes twayne
Of glyttering golde
And the apples of golde
Of Hesperides withholde
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By marcyall strength
He wan at lenght

And slew Gerion
With thre bodys in one
With mighty corage
Auaunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a table

Of courlers and councles
With leapes and bounses
And with mighty luggynge
Wrestlyng and tuggynge
He plucked the bull
By the horned skull
And offered to Cornucopia
And so furth per cerera

Also by Ecates bowyer
In Plutus gastly towyer
By the vglye Eumenides
That neuer haue rest nor ease

By the venemous serpenc
That in hell is neuer brent
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then

By Chemeras flames
And all the deadly names
Of infernall posty
Where soules fey and rousty

By the strygiall flood
And the streames wood
Of Locitus botumles well

By

By the ferryman of hell
Caron with his berde boze
That roweth with a rude oze
And with hys fore rop
Bydeth his bote with a prop
I confute Phillyp and call
In the name of kynge Saul
Primo regum expresse.
He had the Whyttonesse
To wyrtche craft her to dresse.
And by her abusyng
And damnable tilacyng
Of metueylous conclusyng
And by her supersticyons
And wonderfull condicions
She raysed vp in that stede
Samuell that was dead

But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuell
How be it to Saul dyd he tell
The Philystines should hym aserpe
And the next daye he should dre

I wyll

I wyll my selfe dyscharge
To leetred men at large

But Whyllyp I coniure thee
Now by these names thre
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so byght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell

That thou shortly tell
And shewe now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexitie

*Inferā Phyllippe Seroupe pulchra Johanna
Instant perit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet, est sero, minor est infamia vero.*

Than suche as haue disdayned
And of this worke complayned
I pray god they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or thre

That folowe as ye may see

*Curde cur luor volucris pia funera damnas
Calia te raptant, raptant que fata vulucrem
Et tamen inuidia mors tibi contentua,*

Imprynted at London in paules
churche yerde by Robert Cop.

Phillyp sparowes tombe.



